

limbs, mingled with a deep growl. He hastened to the place, and found an enormous panther fighting with a bear. Unobserved, he watched their attacks. He saw the panther rush upon the bear, grab her by the neck, when she would fall and hold the panther by the fore-paws, and tear him with her hind-feet, so that the skin and blood flew out at every stroke. He would soon let go his hold, yet exasperated to the highest degree, he would clinch the bear again. At the third onset our hunter thought he would have a share in the fight. He very deliberately discharged his rifle at the panther, when instantly he left the bear and came bounding at him, enraged to frenzy. He declares that the eyes of the panther were like balls of fire, and his teeth of the bigness of his thumb. As the maddened animal was about to spring upon him, he, eyeing him sharply, swung his rifle, and gave one of his terrific yet characteristic howls which brought the panther to a stand about a rod from him. He continued to swing his rifle, and eye him fiercely, with such a growl as George McMullen *only* can make. The panther made round him ready to spring, yet cowered by fear, until the bear, who had been defending her whelps from the panther, came and *again* fell upon him. At this instant he attempted to re-load, but in his hurry he unconsciously put the ball in *first*. He declares it is the only time he ever lost self-possession in all his conflicts and adventures with wild beasts. But the bear having worsted the panther and drove him off, came back fiercely upon *him*. He snapped his

rifle, but to his astonishment it missed fire. There ~~was~~ no alternative but a close fight. He began to swing his rifle as the bear approached, and raise one of his inimitable howls. He had always a knife ready for such emergencies; but before called to use it, the bear heard her whelps, which the panther had treed, coming down and made off for them. But he would not give it up so. He was determined to carry home the bear with her whelps. He repeatedly primed his rifle, but to his utter astonishment it missed fire. There was no other way but to go home in disappointment. Not until he had taken his rifle to pieces did he discover his unconscious mistake.

At another time his spirit was roused by some wolves which had made depredations upon the flocks in this town. He tracked them over the Lackawanna into Susquehanna County, and found their den far away from any human habitations. Not being able to draw them out, he prepared to have a battle with them in their own den. So, setting down his rifle at the mouth of the den, and grasping his knife, he, down upon his hands and knees, made his way in through the narrow passes of projecting rocks. He found on his arrival that, contrary to his expectation, the old wolves were not at home. But perceiving in that dark abode a nest of half-grown cubs, he grabbed one, drew him out, and killed him. Encouraged by his success, he went in again, grabbed another, who, not so willing to be dragged out in this manner, bit his wrist badly; but finding that this